WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy, a little boy,
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled, curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide-and-seek
With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek—
When I was a boy, a little boy.

And O! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed!
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
When manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all,
When I was a boy, a little boy.

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For in the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day;
And those dreams should give me back again
A peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy, a little boy!

—N. Y. Ledger.

CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Floyd Walton, though in civilian dress, had promptly sprung to his feet to salute them, but they recognized him instantly and heartily shook his hand and congratulated him on his recovery and on the honors he had won. And then it transpired that he, too, had come to see if he could be of service to Mrs. Sweet, and Waring suddenly bethought him of a story he had heard about the Quitman days. A fellow of infinite tact was Waring when he chose to be, and, after a few words of cordial greeting to the fair passengers, he winked at his comrade, the aide-de-camp, as he said he must hasten back to battery duty. And so, even when the sergeant would have deferentially fallen to the rear, it was that distinguished non-commissioned officer who gave his arm to the younger of the two ladies in response to Waring's calm "Mr. Walton will take charge of Miss Sweet," and while the mother was led away to the waiting carriage by the staff officer, well knowing that the mother-made engagement was at an end, the daughter's little hand slipped trembling upon his arm. What happened in the elysium of that two minutes' threading of a dusty, crowded, freight-heaped wharf was not confessed by either until two long years after. The ladies went on to Galveston that night, and Walton's face was radiant when, two days later, he came back home; and then he could have hated himself for his selfishness when he saw Esther.

"Why, where's Mr. Lambert?" was her startled query, as she met him at the gate. Only the moment before as they saw the boat splashing away from the pier had Katesie, with madly beating heart, run from her side to bathe her flushed cheeks and hide in her room until she heard his voice on the veranda and the first greetings were over, and then she would summon up all her saucy spirit and go tripping down to meet him with due nonchalance and levity. She had planned it all, poor child, rehearsed the little comedy time and again, and was steeling herself to act her coquettish role, when her sister's words and Floyd's reply fell upon her astounded ears:

"He had to go straight on home. His mother is ill."

And not until then did Katesie Walton know that she, too, "had surrendered."

All things come to him—or her—who knows how to wait; even an absent lover, even the era of peace and good will between estranged and warring sections, even the end of a long story. Another year rolled by on clogging wheels and wrought many changes throughout the sunny south. A dauntless spirit had drifted from this to a better world. Reverent hands laid the wasted form of the lady mother under the grand old live oaks close to the "shining shore," and the Walton household, grieving, yet glad that the long years of suffering were ended, gave up, against his vehement protest, the refuge which the beneficence of a stranger had afforded their beloved in her declining days. The sisters went with Scroggs to his new home in Texas, where a pioneer railway company had tendered him employment. Here Floyd could sometimes visit them, a stalwart sergeant who gratefully declined the offer of influential men to procure his discharge, saying that he meant to serve every hour of his enlistment. Here, within hail of the cavalry trumpets and sight of the national flag, there often came to spend the day a fair-faced girl, a northern blonde, the very antitype to Katesie's southern beauty, and the blue and the gray looked love and trust when each gazed into the other's eyes, for some remarkable bond of sympathy had linked Genevieve Sweet and Kate Walton in close companionship.

Here, too, were received and answered letters increasing in frequency, and one never-to-be-forgotten day, from a far distant post, there suddenly appeared a very proper young fellow in the conventional traveling garb of the period; and presently Jennie Sweet bethought herself that important household matters had to be looked after at the garrison, and Esther had her marketing to do and must do it. "Of course Mr. Lambert will dine and take tea with us. (We dined at one and tead at six-thirty in those days in Texas.) And so there was no one left to entertain him but Katesie—and the cat; and even the cat was very much in the way—in Lambert's way, that is, for the girl had the ungracious creature in her arms, covering her with undesired caresses, the instant after Esther's departure. The porch was vine-clad, shaded and inviting, but Katesie perversely insisted on the steps and the hot morning sunshine; pussy loved the warmth and sunshine. Lambert sought to stroke and caress Sabina, since Sabina was held tight over a thumping little heart and close under rosy lips and dimpled chin and soft, flushed cheeks. His finger-tips thrilled at the delicious proximity, and Sabina magnetically perceived it and malignantly set back her ears and hissed, whereat he pinched her ears and was promptly bidden to "Go sit ovuh yawnduh 'f you cain't leave huh yuhs alone," whereupon he transferred his attention to Sabina's lashing tail and precipitated a row. Sabina clawed and struggled: the outraged caudal bristled like a bottle washer; Katesie sought to soothe with more hugs and kisses and those emotional and passionate mouthings which women lavish on their feline favorites. "Oh, um Cattums! —um Kittums!—um Possums!—um Tweetums!" rapturously exclaimed Miss Walton through her close pressed lips, as she buried her nose in the fluffy fur: and this was more than Lambert could stand. With sudden quick decision he lifted the astonished Sabina from the damsel's arms and dropped her on all fours on the grass plot below. Then, he seized her mistress by her empty hands.

"Katesie, do you suppose I've waited all these weary months to see you squandering kisses on a cat? Have you no answer now, after all I've told you, after my coming so many hundred miles?"

Her hands were writhing about in his grasp, making every pretense, and no real effort, at getting away. "Ah didn't tell oyu to come," she finally pouted.

"It's no time for trifling, Katesie. I've loved you dearly—ever so long—ever since the time you leaned this bonny head upon my shoulder."

"Ah didn't! Ah nevuh did!"

"You did; and I've got five glossy threads of your beautiful hair to prove it."

"It was all the fault of that ho'id shoulder-strap. Ah hate it, and you'h hateful fo' reminding me of it!" And still her hands kept writhing in vain impotent pretense at struggling. He held them with scarce an effort.

"Well," said he, solemnly, "they will never vex your soft cheek again, Katesie. I have worn them for the last time."

"Yo' have?" and now the struggles seemed gradually to cease, or their continuance became purely mechanical, and the big, deep gray eyes looked wistfully up through their long, curving lashes. "Whut—whut foh, Ah'd like to know?" She didn't quite say "lahke."

"Well, several reasons have been set before me. Mother is getting on in years, and wishes I could be near her, instead of half across the continent away."

She was looking up at him very solemnly now.

"Ah nevuh could beah you in those things—cits," she said at last.

"Brava! You are mastering army vernacular already, Katesie," he answered, his eyes twinkling. "And do you think you could bear me if I continued to wear the old shoulder-straps? Ah, Katesie, it's too late. Here they are." And, transferring unresisted one snowy wrist to contact with its fellow in the grasp of his left hand, he drew forth from an inner pocket an oblong parcel in which lay the light-blue velvet straps, wound round and round with silken threads of hair. "I couldn't bear to turn them over to anyone but you," he solemnly said. "They are mine no longer."

She was silent a moment. Then the deep gray eyes were again uplifted, studying with troubled gaze the soldierly, sun-tanned young face.

"Ah'd much rather you were going to keep on weahing them," she said.

"But I thought you hated the very sight of them—and the uniform?"

"That was befo' Brothuh Floyd woh it."

He had repossessed himself of the little hands by this time. "Then you do like the army blue a little? How I wish I'd known this sooner!"

"The army isn't so bad, now that some southern gentlemen are going back into it," she answered airily.

"It would be still more attractive with a certain southern girl I know in it."

"Ah don't see how that would do you any good, 'f you're going to leave it."

"Ah! It was the army I was thinking of just then—not myself. Thank you for thinking of me, Katesie." And now his eyes were brimming over with mingled tenderness and merriment. He had raised her hands, and, placing them palm to palm, stood clasping them, their rosy finger-tips close to his lips.

"Ah didn't! Ah wasn't! Let go ma hands. Mist' Lambuht." And once again she began to writhe, simply to feel his resisting power. "Ah wouldn't live like some of those women do at the foht—just like gypsies."

"No," responded Lambert, demurely. "That's what a lady friend of yours told me; she said you were a spoiled little southern girl, brought up without any idea of housekeeping or care and responsibility."

"Who dayuhd to say such spiteful things?" demanded Miss Walton, all ablaze in an instant.

"She said," calmly resumed Lambert, "that the main reason you didn't care to be a soldier's wife, probably, was that you'd always been made a pet of and wouldn't know how to look after a brute of a husband and one room and a kitchen—all a lieutenant's allowed, you know."

"Who dayuhd to say such things? It wasn't Genevieve!—Ah'd never speak—"

"Wait till I tell you the rest," pursued Lambert, calmly. "She said she really couldn't see why I wanted to marry you: you were not at all the sort of girl she'd expect a northerner to marry."

"Ah never huhd such outrageous impudence in all ma bawn days. Who was it? Ah'll never speak t' you again 'f you don't tell me this instant. Ah'll never let you leave this spot till you do tell me."

"I'm only too glad to stay. I was afraid you might send me away anyhow, even after you found I had given up the shoulder-straps—for your sake, since Esther told me I'd find it hard work to make you a soldier's wife."

"Esthuh! She said such mean things 'bout me? Oh, Ah'll pay huh off fo' that! Ah could manage just as well as she could, and keep house ev'y bit as well! Ah've been out theyh often with Jenny Sweet, and seen just how they managed. Ah'd been watching—and studying" (sob) "and now—now"—with sudden inspiration—"Ah b'lieve you're just laughing at me! Ah hate you moh than evuh, and Ah'll nevuh mah'y you—nevuh—jus' fo' leavin' the ahmy and not havin' sufficient confidence in me to think I could be a soldier's wife. Ah might have done it—Ah would, perhaps, if you had stayed, but—but—"

But now she was seized and strained to his heart, and the furiously blushing face was kissed again and again, though indignant tears were starting from her eyes. It was useless to struggle. She leaned there at last, passive, pouting, sobbing a little, and striving to push herself from his embrace, but striving so feebly, so very feebly. "My own little rebel," he murmured, with his lips close pressed to her cheek, "'Esthuh' did tell me I'd find it hard work to win you for a soldier's wife, did tell me you had had no care or experience in the past, did say she thought a northern officer would have fallen in love elsewhere; but she never said you were not fit to be a soldier's wife, and I never said I was going to quit being a soldier. I love it better than anything in the world—but you—"

"You did! You said yo'd done with the shoulder-straps fo'evuh." And up flashed the indignant gray eyes again, and this brought the quivering little mouth, so red and soft and warm, too close for safety to his yearning lips. Down they swooped upon their prey. "I didn't," he whispered as he held her close. "It's the old strap—the second lieutenant's—I'll never wear agin. I've won my bar now, and my wife."

We were sitting one winter's evening nearly two years later in the Lamberts' quarters at old Fort Scott. Kinsey was there too, and Floyd Walton with his bride on their wedding tour. A blazing fire of hickory logs was snapping on the hearth, and under the soft light of the shaded lamp was Katesie, a charming picture of young wifehood, her needle-work dropped in her lap, her gray eyes following every movement of her husband, who was declaiming to his guests and pacing up and down in uncontrollable excitement.

It was the January of the "consolidation year," when by act of congress

"My own little rebel," he murmured.

45 regiments of infantry were summarily "telescoped" into half their number, and some hundreds of officers and gentlemen who had joined the regular service at the end of the great war in the reasonable hope of attaining suitable rank before they died, found themselves suddenly bereft of all hope of promotion and doomed to remain subalterns and file-closers until they were 50. It was the year when to provide for the superfluous officers of the consolidated regiments of foot they were crammed into every obtainable vacancy in the horse and artillery—when incompetents were ordered before a board of examiners and given a chance to defend their commissions, while—oh, the black shame of it!—others, gallant fellows who had fought all through the war, but had been at some time or other in the past at odds, personal or official, with certain of their superiors, now, without word of warning, without opportunity of defense, without knowing who were their accusers or what the accusations, found themselves summarily dropped from the rolls and their places promptly filled. The needed reduction by fair means proving too slow, the methods of foreign despotisms were resorted to; "confidential reports" were solicited from commanding officers, some of whom, disdaining such lettre-de-cachet business, promptly consigned the offending document to the flames or "pigeon-holed" it without reply, while others accepted eagerly the opportunity to undermine the men whom courts had honorably acquitted. In some few instances there were gentlemen thus disposed of who never knew they had been accused of a misdemeanor until, amazed, they saw their names upon the published list. Among those thus given their conge was Brevet Capt. J. P. Close, first lieutenant —teenth infantry, at the moment expecting his promotion to the captaincy of company C. "The old man," as his soldiers called him, had returned to duty after his six months' leave, with eyesight permanently impaired, and had been received with cordial and avowed esteem by Farnham and Kinsey and with open arms by Lambert. The manly fellows in the regiment followed suit, and they had done much to rub off the uncouth edges, to polish the rough exterior, and so reveal the value of the gem within, and Close was plodding contentedly along as quartermaster of a four-company post, when the blow fell. Minor, now lieutenant colonel, was in command of the —teenth, the old adjutant and quartermaster in command of him. There was no need of asking whence the unseen allegations came.

An ill wind it is indeed that blows nobody good. In the general "shake-up" there came a colonel to the regiment whose first official act was to accept the resignations of the two staff officers and to appoint Lambert adjutant. "I wish you had gone in for a commission," said he to Floyd, whom he had known in his sergeant days in Texas, but Floyd replied that if this treatment of Close was a specimen of army justice he reckoned railroading would suit him better. Whereupon the new colonel swore that if Close were only back again he'd make him quartermaster and let his oppressors see the other side of his story; but Close never came.

With certain other wronged and astonished men, he had gone to Washington and pleaded his case before a most harassed and unhappy cabinet official who was no longer able to undo the mischief, the senate having confirmed the nominations to the vacancies thus created.

"He allowed that he guessed a few mistakes might have been made 'long of his putting too much faith in what some officers told him," wrote Close to Lambert, "but that in nine cases out of ten the thing was all right. I told him I hadn't come to talk about anybody's rights or wrongs but my own; what I wanted was the captaincy I was clean bilked out of. He said that he couldn't fix that anyhow. The only thing was to take a second lieutenancy and start back at the bottom of the ladder again. Some of them—poor fellows who'd been so long in the army they didn't know any other way of living and supporting their families—was fools enough to do it, but I'd see him damned first, and nigh onto told him so.

"I guess I've had 'bout enough of it anyhow, Lambert. I did my best for the government in the days when if we fellows hadn't done our best there mighty soon wouldn't of been any government 'cept Jeff Davis, and if this here's a specimen of the best the government can do for a man that got plugged pretty full of lead fighting for it, why, next war that comes around I want to be a sutler and nothing else. Lucky I ain't as bad off as the rest. The boys are doing first-rate, and the girls are well hitched to very decent farmers, both of 'em, and 'bout all I've got to look after's my property. They're running two railroads through there now, and it won't be long before I can be a senator or secretary, 'f I can't be a sutler. Now, I'm going back to Spirit Lake, where I'm building the prettiest home in the Hawkeye state, and it'll be all ready to welcome you and Mrs. Lambert and—well—just as soon as she feels like traveling again—and you must come and spend a long leave with me. I ain't got any children of my own, and my kindred are kind of wrapped up in theirs, and I took a shine to you the first day you set foot in that old mudhole of a camp at Tugaloo. So don't you fret about the future, Lambert. You stood by me when I hadn't a friend, and—my will's all made, boy, and don't you forget it. Yours truly, J. P. CLOSE."

"P. S.—Dam the Cap."

THE END.

Ready to Compromise.

An Englishman at a dinner once told a tale of a tiger he had shot which measured 24 feet from snout to tail-tip. Everyone was astonished, but no one ventured to insinuate a doubt of the truth of the story. Presently a Scotchman told his tale. He had once caught a fish which he was unable to pull in alone, managing only to land it at last with the aid of six friends. "It was a skate, and it covered two acres." Silence followed this recital, during which the offended Englishman left the table. The host followed. After returning he said to the Scotchman: "You have insulted my friend. You must apologize." "I dina insoolt him," said the Scott. "Yes, you did, with your two-acre fish story. You must apologize." "Well," said the offender slowly, with the air of one making a great concession, "tell him if he will take ten feet off that tiger, I will see what I can do with the fish."—London Figaro.

Irreparable Loss.

Great workers, great thinkers, great teachers are men who are ever on the ascendant scale, accumulating richer stores of truest wealth in every form, and know how best to use the products so eminently their own. They die, and here and there some hints arrest the eye. The things they worked, the manner of their work may be subjects of deepest study; but the hidden forces that made such persons conspicuous are gone. No greater mystery, no deeper darkness confronts us than the question why men of such character, knowledge, faculty and impressibility live just long enough to demonstrate their ability for best work, and then are called from labor to reward. For them, eternal gain; for us, irreparable loss—Detroit Free Press.

A Knotty Problem.

Fond Wife—What are you worrying about this evening?

Husband (a young lawyer)—An important case I have on hand. My client is charged with murder, and I can't make up my mind whether to try to prove that the deceased was killed by some other man, or is still alive.—N. Y. Weekly.

PROTECT FROM SUNSTROKE.

Glass Helmets Declared by a French Professor to Be the Proper Thing.

Prof. Lannelongue, a famous French scientist and a collaborator of Prof. Cookes, has invented a hamlet made of strontium glass, for the purpose of warding off the sun's X rays. Although most people do not realize it, sunlight contains a certain proportion of what are called X rays. If these are deflected at a certain angle they will blister human flesh. The causes of this deflection are trivial in themselves, but Prof. Lannelongue claims that they are none the less powerful because of the results they bring about. He believes that it is these X rays in the sunlight that bring about what is known as sunstroke, and that if the proper means were taken to deflect them again such a thing as sunstroke would become almost unknown.

The attention of this distinguished surgeon was first called to the peculiar effects of the sun's rays by an incident that he witnessed. He was watching a number of children who were playing in a courtyard in the shadow of a wall, the top of which was in strong sunlight. Suddenly several of the children began to act in a most peculiar manner, dancing around, each with his hand on his head, crying out: "My head burns!" Prof. Lannelongue at once went to the place where the children were at play, and, examining their heads, found blisters on the scalp of every one. In trying to account to himself for the phenomenon he wondered if the blisters had been produced by X rays projected from the top of the wall. He instituted in his laboratory a series of experiments on several persons. Some of these when exposed to the action of the rays, were protected by stronium glass, and these were not at all injured. Other persons experimented upon who were not similarly protected were burned in the same manner as the children had been.

After carefully studying this problem the professor came to the conclusion that his accidental observation of the children at play was likely to result in a revelation as to sunstroke, its cause, effect and remedy. He called to mind the fact that among the ancient Greeks sunstroke or anything corresponding thereto was unknown. He also remembered that these same ancients covered their heads with brass helmets and their chests and backs with cuirasses of metal that is known to have been of a nature that is impervious to X rays. It was plain, however, that people could never be induced to wear a helmet made of metal of sufficient density to prove opaque to the X rays, and then the thought came to him that perhaps strontium glass would solve the problem. Therefore he has determined to begin the manufacture of glass helmets as an absolute protection from the deleterious effects of the rays of the sun on very warm days. To this end he is organizing a company and hopes before long to place quantities of its product upon the market.—N. Y. Herald.

BRONZE OF THE LAKE DWELLERS

Made Into Various Articles and Ornaments.

Bronze was very extensively used by the Swiss lake dwellers in the manufacture of a great variety of things useful and ornamental, such as swords, knives, fish hooks, javelin heads, pins, needles, bracelets, etc. Their bronze swords were similar to those found in other parts of Europe of the same era, rather short, broad, and thick; some plain, others highly ornamented. Their bronze knives are of two patterns, some very large and curved, and thick on the convex edge. These were evidently intended for hard usage, probably in harvesting, for we know that these people raised barley, wheat and flax. The smaller knives were of finer workmanship, averaging about five inches in length, very thin, and now, after having lain buried in the mud of the lake for 20 centuries or more, still have fine, cutting edges.

The javelin and spear heads resemble those of Roman and Etruscan make, and perhaps many of them were forged in Rome and wielded by the Roman invaders of Helvetia. The bronze fish hooks are almost identical in form with those of iron used by us to-day, having at the end of the shaft a flat head to retain the line, and a sharp point and barb. They are recovered in great quantities. The needles of bronze are very much like those of bone, but rather heavier. The pins are of all sizes and many patterns, and were employed principally as ornaments. They range in length from two to 15 inches, and some of them must have been beautiful when new. Specimens of them are seen finely engraved with fancy figures their entire length; some with flat, ornamental heads; others surmounted by balls or other designs an inch or more in diameter. The bronze of which they were made were susceptible of high polish, and, of yellow color, glistened like gold. Many of the bracelets are quite plain, others are most elaborately engraved and beautified. Bronze buttons were in general use by the lake people.—Antiquarian.

Sawmill Run by Women.

There is a sawmill in Grandin, Mo., many departments of which are in charge of women. There is a woman in charge of the engine. One of the rooms where the big saws are operated is managed by women. The lathe room is also populated with femininity, and the machines of all sorts are handled by them. In the rooms adjoining, a force of young women is constantly employed, filing and getting the saws in shape for work. The care of the machinery is in their hands, and it is said they are quite as adept and as competent to handle it as any force yet employed in the mill.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

There Were Others.

Dunly—But you promised to pay me to-day.

Punly—I said I would pay you Sunday.

Dunly—Yes, and to-day is Sunday.

Punly—And there are 51 others before the year is over.—Up-to-Date.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—"Place aux Dames."—Not at Cambridge university.—Punch.

—Fishmonger (to thrifty housewife) —"Fish is dear, mum. Hit's a-gettin' werry scarce in consekence o' these 'ere aqueriums."—Tit-Bits.

—Bad Case.—"My wife cleans house eight times a year," said an applicant for divorce. "Decree granted," said the judge in a voice that shivered.—Detroit Free Press.

—Ambiguous.—"Yes, a cur came rushing in front of me and I deliberately ran over him." "Poor doggie." "Why do you say that?" "Because my sympathies are always with the under dog."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Physiognomical.—"The face," said the oracular boarder, "is an exact index to the mind." "Not an exact one," said the Cheerful Idiot. "For instance, when a man has his temper ruffled, his brows are knit."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mystery.—"Your story lacks in the element of mystery." "What am I to do?" "Can't you manage some way to have that deaf and dumb beggar talk in dialect, as well as the other characters?" The constructive faculty is a rare thing in literature. — Detriot Journal.

—Reticence Explained.—"Miss Passeigh has had exceptional social advantages," said one young woman. "She has been presented to the queen." "It's strange that I never heard of it," replied the other. "Oh, she never mentions it. You see, it occurred so soon after her majesty's coronation."—Washington Star.

RACING IN MOSCOW.

The Horses Run in Opposite Directions.

It is a racing day in Moscow. The course is swept free from snow, and follows the wooded shores with red-painted railings on each side. On one side is a stand, with seating room for several thousand people, and a special box, with tent hangings, for the governor-general, surmounted by the imperial eagle in gold. In front of this box, lower down, you see the prizes, consisting of gold and silver cups, vases and ornamental pieces, all in Russian style and taste.

A bell rings; the course is cleared by mounted gendarmes, and now the competitors in due order take their places in front of the stand, but not side by side, as they always start from opposite sides of the course, with heads also turned in opposite directions. The usual race-course hum and noise of the betting men are heard, and increase in volume as the bell rings the second time. They are off! and the fascination of rapid motion, open air, and strenuous exertion throws its spell over the assembly, high and low, for trotting is certainly the most fashionable and beloved sport in Russia. You cannot recognize people just yet; the great fur collars are raised, and reach over the fur caps, leaving only red-tipped noses, beneath which appear never-missing cigarettes. The ladies' heads are almost entirely covered by woolen wraps, so here again you can only guess who is who. To a stranger not investing his money in backing his opinion as to winners, the game might seem monotonous enough, as the horses do not finish side by side, but in the way they started. Yet the Russians think differently—and, besides, is there not plenty of wodka and caviar to be had between the races?

Single horses are pitted against each other, drawing light little sleighs, in which the driver is seated very low down and far away from the horse, owing to the long shafts, intended to give the horse perfect freedom of action. A whip is not used, but on the reins are metal buckles over the quarters, which are employed instead, and almost all horses run without blinkers.

Sometimes a horse is attached to the sleigh on one side of the trotter, who is between the shafts; he is the pace-maker, and gallops the whole course, whereas, it need not be said, the trotter must not break. Then follow pair horses, harnessed, and lastly troikas with three horses, sometimes four abreast. Troikas are very barbarously gaudy and clumsy things to look at, but exceedingly comfortable all the same.—Badminton Magazine.

The Battle Against Diphtheria.

Dr. Smirnow, a Russian physician, has devised a new method of procuring antitoxin for diphtheria, and his experiments are described as highly successful. He prepares his antitoxin, or curative serum, by substituting diptheritic poison to electrical decomposition. In this way he reduces its virulence to a point at which it can be safely injected into the blood of an animal. The animal thus treated is not only rendered immune to diphtheria, but if already suffering from the disease is cured. The new antitoxin can be prepared very quickly, and it is said to be much more effective in its operation than the older form, which requires weeks for its preparation. Dr. Smirnow has not yet, however, experimented upon human subjects, his most important patients being dogs, which, of all animals, are said to be perhaps the most susceptible to diphtheria poison.—Youth's Companion.

The Women of Greece.

The women of Greece have shown the world once more that bravery and patriotism are by no means the exclusive virtues of the masculine portion of the race. In their enthusiasm for the cause of their country against the Turk, they have even gone so far as to arm themselves and attempt actual service in the field. One regiment marched forth with a woman standard-bearer, whom soldiers and people hailed as a second Joan of Arc. The pathetic spectacle is all the more touching from the the fact that the contest is a hopeless one, as long as the infidel has the greedy Christian powers at his back, and the heroic sacrifices of the Grecian women are all in vain.—Womankind.